

The Promised Land

Music & Lyrics By:

[Chuck Berry](#)

I left my home in Norfolk, Virginia
California on my mind
I straddled that Greyhound and rode him past Raleigh
And on across Caroline (note 1)
We stopped at Charlotte, we by-passed Rockhill
We never was a minute late
We was ninety miles out of Atlanta by sundown
Rollin' 'cross Georgia State (note 2)
We had motor trouble that turned into a struggle
Half-way across Alabam'
And that 'Hound broke down and left us all stranded
In downtown Birmingham

Right away I bought me a through train ticket
Ridin' 'cross Mississippi clean
And I was on the Midnight Flyer out of Birmingham
Smokin' into New Orleans
Somebody help me get out of Louisiana
Just help me get to Houston town
There are people there who care a little 'bout me
And they won't let the poor boy down
Sure as you're born, they bought me a silk suit
They put luggage in my hand
And I woke up high over Albuquerque
On a jet to the promised land

Workin' on a T-bone steak a la carte
Flyin' over to the Golden State
When the pilot told us in thirteen minutes
We'd be headed in the terminal gate (note 3)
Swing low sweet chariot, come down easy
Taxi to the terminal zone
Cut your engines and cool your wings
And let me make it to the telephone
Los Angeles, give me Norfolk, Virginia
Tidewater four-ten-o-nine
Tell the folks back home, this is the promised land calling
And the poor boy is on the line

Apparently played by the Warlocks and the Grateful Dead in their earliest days, Bob Weir started playing this with the Dead in 1971, and it remained a regular right through to 1995. He also played it with Kingfish, Bobby & The Midnites and on the 1996 Furthur Festival tour.

Brokedown Palace

Lyrics By:

[Robert Hunter](#)

Music By:

[Jerry Garcia](#)

Fare you well, my honey
Fare you well, my only true one
All the birds that were singing
Are flown, except you alone

Gonna leave this brokedown palace
On my hands and my knees, I will roll, roll, roll
Make myself a bed by the waterside
In my time, in my time, I will roll, roll, roll

In a bed, in a bed
By the waterside I will lay my head
Listen to the river sing sweet songs
To rock my soul

River gonna take me, sing me sweet and sleepy
Sing me sweet and sleepy all the way back home
It's a far gone lullaby sung many years ago
Mama, Mama, many worlds I've come since I first left home

Going home, going home
By the waterside I will rest my bones
Listen to the river sing sweet songs
To rock my soul

Going to plant a weeping willow
On the bank's green edge it will grow, grow, grow
Singing a lullaby beside the water
Lovers come and go, the river will roll, roll, roll

Fare you well, fare you well
I love you more than words can tell
Listen to the river sing sweet songs
To rock my soul

Lazy River Road

Lyrics By:

[Robert Hunter](#)

Music By:

[Jerry Garcia](#)

Way down upon Sycamore Slough
A white man sings the blues
selling roses of paper maché
with flecks of starlight dew
I swiped a bunch and threw it your way
where hazy moonlight glowed
Way down, down along Lazy River Road

Way down upon Shadowfall Ward
End of the avenue
Run, hide, seek in your own backyard
Mama's backyard won't do
All night long I sang Love's Sweet Song
down where the water flowed
Way down, down along Lazy River Road

Moonlight wails as hound dogs bay
but never quite catch the tune
Stars fall down in buckets like rain
till there ain't no standing room
Bright blue boxcars train by train
clatter where dreams unfold
Way down, down along Lazy River Road

Way down upon Seminole Square
belly of the river tide
call for me and I will be there
for the price of a taxi ride
Night double-clutches into today
like a truck downshifting its load
Way down, down along Lazy River Road

Thread the needle
right through the eye
The thread that runs so true
All the others I let pass by
I only wanted you
Never cared for careless love
but how your bright eyes glowed
Way down, down along Lazy River Road